

THREE LETTERS OF DEEP MEANING.

One Necessary to Complete the Series Missing from the Files.

What Did Secretary Rusk Write About the Republicanism of Seeds?

Out of the Mottled Past of the Department of Agriculture Come Tell-Tale Missives.

PLANTS THAT FAILED TO FLOWER.

Though J. S. Clarkson and Senator Washburn Vouched for the Political Orthodoxy of the Contractors, Secretary Morton Didn't Like Their Goods.

The Northrup, Braslan & Goodwin Company is in the seed business.

The United States is in the business of buying seeds and giving them away.

The United States Government buys a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of seeds every year, and this company has until recently been very fortunate in getting the contracts for seeds. Secretary Morton of the Department of Agriculture told Congress he didn't want any seeds; that the free distribution of them was a fraud, and provided less benefit from it as an organ grinder's pet does from the pennies his master collects. In other words he told Congress the Government was being made a monkey of. Congress knew that already. Maybe that is why they coughed their answer in the form of a resolution authorizing and directing the Secretary of Agriculture to go ahead and buy seeds as usual. The resolution did not add, "whether you need them or not," but that was implied.

So Secretary Morton, finding he had to buy seeds, went ahead and advertised for bids, but the Northrup, Braslan & Goodwin Company didn't get the contract, though its bid was the lowest.

Of course, the yell of "job and boodle" was raised, and persisted in until Secretary Morton himself began to make war on the seed.

"The bid of the Northrup, Braslan & Goodwin Company was not accepted," said the Secretary, "because the department was not satisfied that the company was able to supply the seeds as we desired."

In the *Vulgar Tongue*, which is known as the language of diplomacy, translated into the richer if less elegant diction of the common or fighting man it means:

"Those fellows thought they could save off on me another batch of seeds away below grade. Anybody could bid low on a lot of seeds, among which were inferior material for what was ordered. Dead horses are the cheapest kind of stock."

The Secretary was thinking about the incident of *Salvia splendens*. If you continue this strange history you will learn that *Salvia splendens* is the scarlet flowering sage, and that what was sold to the department for it was common sage seed mixed with killed lettuce seed.

Then came the accusation that Secretary Morton was actuated by political motives, which means that he refused to give the contract to the Minneapolis firm because it was composed of Republicans. Coupled with the accusation was the pious unwarmed regret for the good old days of Secretary Fry Rusk.

Out of the Crypt, the official file of the Department of Agriculture, gave up its dead, to wit:

United States Senate,

Washington, D. C., August 12, 1890.

My Dear Secretary Rusk: I beg to enclose letter just received from the Northrup, Braslan & Goodwin Co., of Minneapolis, being called out by a letter addressed by yourself to me and which I forwarded to them for their information.

Your letter had the "real ring" to it, but I fear you have done the parties some injustice. Your letter was the first intimation I had ever received that all these parties were not good Republicans. In any event, they are good business men, and I hope, politics or no politics, that they will have fair and just treatment from you, as I have no doubt they will. Sincerely yours,

Hon. J. M. Rusk, Secretary of Agriculture.

This was the enclosure:

Incorporated,
Northrup, Braslan & Goodwin Co.,
Growers of Garden and Field Seeds,
Importers of Flower Seeds and Bulbs, Reclaimers of Grass Seeds.

J. E. Northrup, Pres.
A. H. Goodwin, Sec. and Treas.
C. F. Braslan, Gen'l Mgr.
Nos. 10 and 12 Bridge square, Minneapolis, Minn.

August 7, 1890.

Hon. W. D. Washburn, Washington, D. C.:

Sir:—The writer endeavored to see you during your recent visit here in relation to the letter sent you by Secretary Rusk and which you forwarded to us for examination.

In regard to our politics, have only to say that Mr. Braslan, Mr. Goodwin and the writer are Republicans and nothing else.

As to the firm of A. B. Cleveland Co., to which Secretary Rusk makes reference, that company has never been financially interested in us or we in them. We shall have further to say to you on this subject when a fit opportunity offers.

Just now have only to say that we have worked for the business of the Agricultural Department the same as we would strive for any other business, and we expect only such orders as we are entitled to from our position as seed growers, quality of goods we send out and the prices we are able to make.

Thanking you for interest you have manifested, which is truly appreciated, we are, yours respectfully,

NORTHUP, BRASLAN & GOODWIN CO.,

J. E. Northrup, President.

Next on the file came this touching tribute from James S. Clarkson, the First Assistant Postmaster-General, who knew the qualities requisite in people who should get something out of the Government:

Post Office Department,

Office of the First Assistant Postmaster-General,

Washington, May 14, 1889.

Hon. J. M. Rusk, Secretary of Agriculture,

Washington:

My Dear Sir:—I want to add my indorsement to the reliability and worthiness of the firm of Northrup, Braslan & Goodwin Co., of Minneapolis, Minn., who have applied for a portion of the orders for seeds to be made by you, to be purchased in accordance with the act of Congress appropriating \$100,000 for the purpose. I know the gentlemen composing the firm to be very reliable business men who may be depended upon

and good Republicans. They are worthy of favor and confidence. I am sure they are confident to do what they undertake, and that you will be satisfied with them if you give them a trial. Hoping they may come under your favorable consideration I am, very cordially yours,

J. S. CLARKSON.

Among the Missing.

There is just one letter lacking in the series. There is no copy of Mr. Rusk's letter questioning the orthodoxy of the Republicanism of the Northrup, Braslan & Goodwin Company in the files of the Department of Agriculture.

"Your letter was the first intimation I had ever received that all these parties were not good Republicans," wrote Senator Washburn.

"In regard to our politics, have only to say that Mr. Braslan, Mr. Goodwin and myself are Republicans, and nothing else," wrote J. E. Northrup.

"I know the gentlemen composing the firm to be very reliable business men, who may be depended upon, and good Republicans," wrote John S. Clarkson.

What their Republicanism had to do with whether they should have the profit of supplying Uncle Sam with seeds for garden truck, Mr. Rusk knows, but his letter is missing from the file.

These letters make it plain why Congress insisted that Secretary Morton should buy seeds.

"Want to buy a horse?" asked St. Shooter Sam of the meek stranger in an Arizona village.

"No, I don't need a horse," said the stranger.

"Well," with a display of artillery, "I know you want a horse. My brother's, in the horse selling business, and we need the money in the family. You buy a horse!"

"The extravagance and inutility of these disbursements"—\$100,000 for one year's seeds for free distribution—said Secretary Morton, "is apparent to anybody who will investigate the results of the expenditure. We have received less than one thousand acknowledgments out of one and three quarter million recipients."

But he had to buy the horse just the same, because the family needed the money.

Influence of Politics on Seeds.

The seed division of the Department of Agriculture used to have charge of the testing of seeds. Somebody used to poke the seeds into a box and watch them sprout and report on their purity and percentage of germination. It was a poor, unfortunate old seed that didn't show 100 per cent in the good old days.

Then came Morton. He happens to be honest, and he put an expert in charge of the testing, and those per cent tumbled from the 100 mark like police reputations before a Lexow committee. Here are some extracts from the expert's report:

Of 371 germination tests reported for 1884-85, 243 are tabulated at 100 per cent. I regret the necessity of criticizing the work of others, but am compelled to say that the frequency with which the figure "100" occurs is so multiplied as they are indiscriminately to varieties that are seldom known to show as high germination—taking no account of the fact that of these same lots tested by the most careful methods in the seed laboratory, in March, 1885, only showed a very much lower per cent of vitality—this alone, I say, seems enough to convince any fair-minded person who knows anything about seeds that there was some serious defect either in the manner of selecting seeds for test, in the test itself, or in the record, if not in all three particulars. For my part, I do not consider this record of any scientific or practical value whatever. * * *

Kentucky blue grass shows 90 per cent germination. It is exceedingly rare to get this grass to germinate over 80 per cent, and Dr. Steller, one of the most eminent European authorities, considers 50 per cent a good standard in this case. * * *

The "secret" says (Salvia splendens) was not *Salvia splendens* at all, but an inferior species mixed with killed lettuce seed. The average blue grass contained 10.2 per cent of foreign matter, mostly grass seeds, and the yellow oat grass, quoted at 85 per cent, contained at wholesale, contained 74.4 per cent foreign matter, of which 83 per cent was seed of a grass practically worthless for American fields or pastures, selling at \$12 per 100 pounds. The tall meadow oat grass contained 36.2 per cent impurities, mostly inferior and cheaper grass seed.

What the Letters Mean.

The difference of the value of the good Republican seed under the old and under the new regimes would indicate that fraud and theft and perjury were the rule, if such words were not barred from Governmental matters.

"What do those letters mean?" Secretary Morton was asked.

"The letters are part of the public records of the department," answered the Secretary. "Anybody is welcome to read them, but must draw their own deductions as to their meaning. If they choose to read between the lines and take into consideration the other matters connected with this seed business, they ought to be able to interpret the letters without a key from me."

This is again in the diplomatic language of the Cabinet officer, and translated into the rancorous tongue of the common or fighting man previously referred to means:

"The letters show that the free distribution of seeds against the recommendation of this department is a political job, granting of an opportunity to loot the United States Treasury of thousands of dollars annually, and as we know that men do not farm out a chance to rob without some equivalent we must conclude that the seed contractors were not the only ones to profit by their contracts either financially or politically, and it doesn't go any more while Hon. J. Sterling Morton is coral-boss on this ranch."

It may be added that the said Hon. J. Sterling Morton is able to use the vulgar dialect as well as the elegant language of a diplomat, and if the seed row is continued he is likely to employ it vigorously.

IDAHO SPEAKS FOR SILVER

Senator Dubois Goes to St. Louis, but Shoups, His Colleague, Doesn't.

Pocatello, Idaho, May 17.—The Republican State Convention concluded its session here at a late hour last night. The Committee on Resolutions reported an indorsement of Senator Dubois for joining with Teller, Carter, Mantle and Cannon in demanding the enforcement of that plank in the Republican platforms of 1888 and 1892, which declared in favor of gold and silver as the standard money of the United States.

A free silver substitute was lost by a large minority. Delegate Stewart, of Ada, tried to get a resolution to instruct the delegates to St. Louis to abide by the acts of that convention, but this was laid on the table indefinitely. Senator Dubois was elected a delegate-at-large, but his colleague, Shoups, was turned down.

William W. Brackett Dend.

William W. Brackett, who practiced law for many years in this city, died yesterday noon at his home, No. 207 West Ninety-fifth street, of pneumonia. Mr. Brackett was born in New York City, and was educated at Williams College and after graduation from the law school went to Chicago, where he was one of the founders of the Chicago Tribune. After practicing there for some years he returned to this city. His wife died several years ago. One daughter survives him.

"MORE LIGHT!" CRY THE CYCLING LEGIONS

Why Should the Boulevard, Where Thousands Ride, Be in Darkness?

No Street in All New York More Imperatively Needs Electric Lamps.

Accidents Occur There Almost Nightly Simply Because It Is Kept in Semi-Gloom.

BROOKLYN SETS A BETTER EXAMPLE.

It Costs Less Than \$30 a Night to Brilliantly Illuminate the Coney Island Boulevard and Render It Safe for Wheelmen.

Probably 30,000 cyclists were awheel yesterday on the Boulevard, and that by no means is the greatest number that has sped along this favorite course in a single day and evening. A member of the Colonial Club, at Seventy-second street, who had spent a good part of the day in watching the wheeled legion, roughly counted 14,000, and when his eyes became tired and his fingers began to get confused the sun was cooling itself in the low west and the riders were becoming more and more numerous. So that when night at last settled down the Boulevard was full of the whirling whirling song of the wheel.

And it is at this time when the cyclists are most numerous that the safeguards against accident are most lax. Scarcely a night passes without a smash-up of some kind. Frequently no more damage is done than a wrecked wheel and a few bruises to the unfortunate rider. There are other times, however, when the results are more serious and the hospital surgeon has something to do.

These reported accidents are due to the fact that the Boulevard is insufficiently lighted. It ought to be the most brilliantly lighted street in the city, for the number of riders in the evenings is rapidly increasing and the danger to life and limb is consequently becoming more and more imminent.

Fifth avenue, Broadway, Thirty-fourth street and other thoroughfares are well lighted by electricity and the citizen who is not a wheelman can walk them with a full sense of safety. But the Boulevard, with its speeding thousands, filled with conditions of risk that attach to no other part of the city, is inadequately safeguarded.

"MORE LIGHT!" IS THE CRY.

The demand of the wheelmen, as promoters of recreation, as club members and as private individuals, is for more light on the Boulevard; light enough to render the possibility of accidents to the minimum. They realize the increasing danger and declare that some relief must soon be given.

Among the gentlemen who are of this mind are J. G. Batchelder, the official handicapper of the State; Fred J. Titus, C. H. Walker, of the Jerome Cycle Company; Charles A. Underhill, of the Harlem Wheelmen; Henry G. Barnard, of the Metropolitan Bicycle Company, and many others who were seen yesterday.

The Boulevard, which is made almost as light as day at a comparatively small cost, and the benefits would a thousand times justify the outlay. In this respect New York has much to learn from Brooklyn.

The Coney Island Boulevard, extending from Prospect Park in Brooklyn to the ocean at Coney Island, some five miles in length, is kept brilliantly illuminated at night by electricity. The cycle path, traversed by thousands of wheelmen every day and night during the summer, parallels the driveway, and is kept bright by the same light.

The Boulevard in Brooklyn was formerly lighted with naphtha lamps. The change to electricity was made in October last, when a few of the new lights were placed over the driveway near the Park. Bicyclists and horsemen were so pleased with the movement that Park Commissioner Squier, of Brooklyn, contracted with the Flatbush Gas Company to erect and maintain electric lights throughout the whole length of the Boulevard.

TAKE A LESSON FROM BROOKLYN.

Where the cycle path and driveway were formerly dark at night and wheelmen and horsemen were occasionally held up and robbed, and many accidents to bicycles, horses and vehicles were reported, the Boulevard is now as safe to traverse at night as at any time during the day.

The electric lights are placed at the ends of long arms extending out over the roadway from upright poles at the edge of the drive. They are not in the way and shed their light over a large area.

There are ninety of these electric lamps on the Coney Island Boulevard. They cost the Park Department about 32 cents each per night, or \$28.80 per night for the entire lighting of the Boulevard.

The lights give satisfaction to the Park police, who declare that they are a great improvement over the old manner of illumination.

The New York wheelmen declare that the gloomy vistas of the Boulevard are a public disgrace, and welcome any agitation that will lead to its being lighted as we, as the Coney Island roadway.

ACCIDENTS TO WHEELMEN.

Several Are Injured, Some Are Run Down and Others Collide With Pedestrians.

William Allen, forty-two years old, whose home is at No. 42 Greenwich street, New York, rode up Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday. At Prospect place he was run down by George C. Howe's wagon. Allen fell and his jaw was broken. After being attended by Dr. Houghton he returned to his home.

Paul L. Bryant, of No. 183 East Ninety-fourth street, while riding in Westchester yesterday morning, was knocked off his wheel on Pelham Bridge by a horse which was beyond the control of its driver. He was severely bruised and was taken home by friends.

Mercendino Secondo, a driver for the wine house of G. Brignoli, was held in \$500 bail by Magistrate Cornell in Yorkville Court yesterday, charged with having run down James Evans, a wheelman, of No. 247 West Thirtieth street, at Eighth avenue and Fifty-sixth street. Evans's left leg was lacerated, and he was sent to Roosevelt Hospital, and thence to his home. He was unable to appear in court.

Secondo said Evans ran into him, and that he was not to blame.

Mrs. J. H. Norrish, wife of Principal Norrish, of the Park Ridge, N. J., school, came near meeting death when returning home from a carriage ride with her husband. As Mrs. Norrish got out of the wagon her dress caught in the step, and the horse, frightened by passing bicyclists, started up. Mrs. Norrish was thrown to the ground and dragged some distance. She was considerably bruised and scratched.

Theodore Schukie and Willie Rohrs, of No. 247 West Forty-third street, had an uncomfortable experience while riding through Park Ridge, N. J. They passed Mohr Jackson and Edward Thompson, two colored men, who were riding in a dilapidated wagon. The boys made some remark about the ride and the colored men heard them, and whipping out a revolver Jackson fired. The bullet struck just back of the boys and they were not hurt.

Magistrate Cornell, in Yorkville Court, yesterday committed John Do Coyach, twenty-eight years old, of No. 153 East Fifty-first street, in \$1,000 bail to answer to a charge of grand larceny. Francis Aynar, president of the Kensington Arms Company, in West Fifty-ninth street, alleged that the defendant, who is an ex-employee of his house, stole a valuable bicycle from the store last week. Coyach admitted that he took the wheel, but declared he left another in exchange for it.

Jacob Rosenberg, a saloon keeper of No. 100 Essex street, while crossing Second avenue, near Ninth street, Saturday night, was run down by a bicyclist named Patrick Costello, of No. 426 East Eleventh street. Costello was thrown from his machine and Rosenberg was knocked down. The machine was wrecked. Each man blamed the other and there was a rough and tumble fight. The case will come before Magistrate Cornell at the East Fifth Court Costello was fined \$5.

MAY TRICK THE WOMEN.

Methods Naughty Men May Employ to Cheat the W. C. T. U.'s Soft-Drink Slot Machines.

If the Woman's Christian Temperance Union carries out a plan it now has in view, Coney Island, New York and Brooklyn will soon be dotted with soft-drink slot machines for the dispensing of soft drinks.

The machines will be arranged at convenient points so that the thirsty traveler may be able to quench his thirst with a glass of soda, or tea, or phosphate, or lemonade, whenever he feels like it, and has the price. Some cynical persons are of the opinion that persons with a flask will be enabled to obtain soda on the outside at such a nominal cost that the machines will promote a social flask trade.

Should the plan of the ladies, who are in favor of putting the slot machines along the bicycle path to Coney Island be carried out, a claret and soda sandwich would be an easy thing to the thirsty cyclist, who could get a cold bottle of grape juice in his tool chest.

Iced tea with a dash of lemon and a drop of brandy is another summer drink well thought of by persons who are not opposed to alcoholic stimulants. A half pint of brandy and a few lemons would supply a crowd.

The reason assigned for the step about to be taken by the ladies in charge of temperance interests is that with beer at 5 cents a glass and temperance drinks hard to get the man who is thirsty is driven to drinking beer at times when he would much prefer water.

The first machine to be erected will, it is said, turn out a cherry phosphate. Should the idea prove popular other machines capable of turning out soft drinks of non-intoxicating beverages will be added to the list until persons will not have to search for a drug store or a soda water stand in order to quench their thirst.

The outcome of the new idea will be watched by drug stores, soda water stands and saloonkeepers with the greatest deal of interest.

CASHIER WAS IN THE PLOT.

Allowed His Brother to Bind Him and Then Rob the Bank.

Buffalo, Ill., May 17.—The two men who robbed the State Bank of this place last Thursday night, one of whom was on a bicycle, have been captured, and have confessed.

The principals in the affair turn out to be Carl Kloppenburg, cashier of the bank, and his brother, Joseph Kloppenburg, a drug clerk, in Springfield. The robbers are young men and sons of August Kloppenburg, a wealthy citizen of Springfield. Carl Kloppenburg today told the full story of his crime to Sheriff Baxter. He admitted that he and his brother put up the job two weeks ago. Joseph was to ride to Buffalo from Springfield, a distance of fifteen miles, on his wheel, enter the bank at the noon hour, when Carl was alone, secure money, and get him, and return to Springfield. The programme was carried out to the letter, but in so bungling a manner that many people recognized the cashier's brother through his disguise, which was a very poor one.

Carl is now in jail at Springfield and will plead guilty. Joseph is out on bonds furnished by his father. There is a third man in the case, but he has not yet been traced. The amount of the robbery, about \$5,000, was found today in Joseph's room and turned over to the bank officials.

ONE RESULT OF CYCLING.

While New York streets were crowded with the lovers of the wheel the bicyclists did not stick to city alone. In Brooklyn the boulevards were equally filled, and Ocean Parkway was the scene of a continuous procession from morning until midnight.

The same was true in New Jersey, and proprietors of road houses said they had never seen more bicyclists out for a holiday.

The outcome of a pretty bicycle romance was varied as the styles of wheels ride. A policeman, fearing a duel was to be fought, hurried to the scene. Then they explained that their purpose was not a duel. Both had been practicing for five weeks and on Saturday Warfield took offense because Harrison intimated that he was not sufficiently skilful to ride from the Casino stage door to Broadway.

Warfield suggested that he could double discount Harrison. Daly was named as referee, and the trial arranged for yesterday. Warfield won in what in race track parlance might aptly be termed "a walk." Harrison fell off nine times in eighteen minutes, and now claims the world's record. He says this has never been beaten.

TWO GRAY-HAIRED RIDERS.

A pretty incident that attracted more than a momentary interest, even from so gay a crowd, was noted in the afternoon. Up the Riverside Drive on a tandem, moving at a slow rate, came an aged couple. They were chatting as they passed along, wholly oblivious of the attention that was being accorded them. Many a younger couple sighed regretfully and gave a wistful glance backward as the old folks disappeared from view.

The costumes of the riders in the park were as varied as the styles of wheels they rode. There was the usual assortment of men in knickerbockers, and women, either in bloomers or skirts.

There were many queer scenes along the boulevards and the other favored rides during the day. One of them was at Twenty-sixth street and Lexington avenue. There, just as a good-natured fat man was crossing the street, a number of bicyclists approached, ringing their bells vigorously. As soon as he heard the sounds the fat man stopped and, turning to face the riders, threw back his coat, so as to display a small gown which was fastened to his vest. This he began to ring. The effect was ludicrously comical. Some laughed, some swore and others tried to appear unconscious.

"I guess I've got as much right to ring a gong on them as they have on me," said the fat man.

COLLIDED WITH A DOG.

A short, fat man was riding down Broadway. About six feet behind him he was jauntily attired young woman, followed by a young man. At Rector street a small dog rushed at the fat man. The fat man turned his wheel sharply toward the dog to frighten it away. That was fatal.

The front legs of the dog slipped through the wires of the front wheel, and in another moment the fat man was sitting in the middle of the track. Then there was a crash, and two plaintive shrieks followed by a most remarkable tangle of bloomers, legs, bicycles and a little dog, as the young woman and the young man tumbled, one after another, on top of the fat man.

Bicycle Policeman Brown had the hottest chase of his life yesterday after three scorchers who attracted his attention at Fifty-ninth street and the Boulevard. The wheelmen were Joseph and John Northrup, brothers, of No. 230 East Eighty-sixth street, and Samuel R. Paul, of No. 413 West Forty-ninth street. The young men saw that they were being followed by a policeman and they pedaled for all they were worth.

BICYCLISTS COVER THE CITY STREETS.

Thousands of Riders Take Advantage of Sunday Rest for an Outing.

Invaade the Parks and Form a Continuous Procession on the Boulevards

SOME ODD INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

A Few Scorchers Made Work for the Police, Though Most of the Riders Were Out for Pleasure.

The horse is dead! Long live the bike! Such is the cry of Greater New York. The city is bicycle mad, and yesterday everybody turned out on wheels. Central Park was a kaleidoscopic cycle dream from early dawn until long after midnight. The Riverside Drive and the Boulevard were thronged and, even in the highways and byways of the city's poorer quarters there was an evidence that the fad had supplanted all others.

Thousands of persons whirled through Central Park, and a better dressed, merrier, more democratic, contented and happier crowd could not have been found in any city in the world. There were all sorts and conditions of humankind—judges, lawyers, actors, clerks, workmen, shop-girls, and, last, but not least, "Angel" Donnet. He was there in all his glory, and as he passed by the city, he stopped, introduced himself to the park policeman and then wheeled away. "I guess the angel won't scorch," and the angel didn't.

The sun had not been up and doing many hours when Lee Harrison, David Warfield and Dan Daly, of the New York Casino, gained an entrance through the Seventieth street gate. Harrison and Warfield were rather sheepishly leading two more or less dilapidated wheels, while Daly, with the air of a man who knew his business, rode proudly on before. They selected a nice, quiet spot and distances were measured. A policeman, fearing a duel was to be fought, hurried to the scene. Then they explained that their purpose was not a duel. Both had been practicing for five weeks and on Saturday Warfield took offense because Harrison intimated that he was not sufficiently skilful to ride from the Casino stage door to Broadway.

Warfield suggested that he could double discount Harrison. Daly was named as referee, and the trial arranged for yesterday. Warfield won in what in race track parlance might aptly be termed "a walk." Harrison fell off nine times in eighteen minutes, and now claims the world's record. He says this has never been beaten.

TWO GRAY-HAIRED RIDERS.

A pretty incident that attracted more than a momentary interest, even from so gay a crowd, was noted in the afternoon. Up the Riverside Drive on a tandem, moving at a slow rate, came an aged couple. They were chatting as they passed along, wholly oblivious of the attention that was being accorded them. Many a younger couple sighed regretfully and gave a wistful glance backward as the old folks disappeared from view.

The costumes of the riders in the park were as varied as the styles of wheels they rode. There was the usual assortment of men in knickerbockers, and women, either in bloomers or skirts.

There were many queer scenes along the boulevards and the other favored rides during the day. One of them was at Twenty-sixth street and Lexington avenue. There, just as a good-natured fat man was crossing the street, a number of bicyclists approached, ringing their bells vigorously. As soon as he heard the sounds the fat man stopped and, turning to face the riders, threw back his coat, so as to display a small gown which was fastened to his vest. This he began to ring. The effect was ludicrously comical. Some laughed, some swore and others tried to appear unconscious.

"I guess I've got as much right to ring a gong on them as they have on me," said the fat man.

COLLIDED WITH A DOG.

A short, fat man was riding down Broadway. About six feet behind him he was jauntily attired young woman, followed by a young man. At Rector street a small dog rushed at the fat man. The fat man turned his wheel sharply toward the dog to frighten it away. That was fatal.

The front legs of the dog slipped through the wires of the front wheel, and in another moment the fat man was sitting in the middle of the track. Then there was a crash, and two plaintive shrieks followed by a most remarkable tangle of bloomers, legs, bicycles and a little dog, as the young woman and the young man tumbled, one after